

No Hogwarts for harry

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Summary: In an adaptation made for my friends. Harry is No longer the boy who lives.. He's now the boy who dies and goes to the underworld. At eleven it kinda sucks to die on your birthday, but that is what happens. He finally finds parents who love them. They just happen to be a skellington and someone who is sown together. Cant' be worse than what he's already had right? LOTS OF OOC

1. Chapter 1

I am supposed to be the boy who lives. I'm supposed to be the person who saves the magic world. Or that's what some legend says. I don't know if it's true, and I won't know. By now you must ask why? It's because I'm dead. D-E-A-D Dead. So how do I know this? Well I guess I should start at the beginning shouldn't I? Fine. I guess I can. Maybe, if you can keep up.

I was 11 when I was sent a white envelope that said I was different. Different. Yeah. Sure. I knew my parents were dead and my aunt and uncle loved to throw salt in the wound, and then rub it in. I was their slave their kick boy... I don't see why they wanted me to not get that envelope, but they kept me away from it. So with the speed and seriousness of saving my life from such a terrible thing. My uncle made sure I was shuffled quickly away from the horrible white envelopes were gone.

My aunt made snarky comments about how I'd never be special and everyone would drive me away at any point.

"If that's the case." I said not meaning to say it out loud, but I did. "Why won't you let me go to a school far far away and not bother me?"

"Harry!" Vernon turned to me with fire in his eyes. "If you don't-

"Vernon."

"Not now dear I am scolding the boy!" He said in obvious links to show he hadn't cared enough about my safety to not point a pudgy little finger in my face and pay attention to the bloody road. So when the very large very powerful truck was speeding our way it was some what evident that I.. They.. Someone was about to die.

"Dad.."

"Dudley don't get into this."

"Yeah Dudley don't get into this... You might want to watch what little life you had flash before your eyes."

"Now just what in the bloody hell is that supposed to me-"

"VERNON!"

"Whahha Oh!" He quickly turned around and seen the truck. Boom Crash Flip.

Flip one: Vernon screams at me that this is my fault.

Flip two: My aunt Petunia swears my sister died just to punish her.

Flip three: I can't remember for the screams of my quite annoying cousin.

Flip four: A vision of green. Weird that it would be a flash of green, and then my mothers face, and then more green what the hell?

Flip five: I'm dead.

Wonderful. Now we are caught up on how I got here. To this beatiful place of color. Of course nothing was black and white where I was, but the colors were often blurred by tears. Not to sound like a wimp, but I was eleven with no love or affection from either human being who was an adult. It is some what depressing. So depressing I got sad, but then joyous I was dead.

"Hello love."

I look up, there is a blue woman in a black gown with her hair pinned up. She's got a vail on her face like she used to be a bride, but now she isn't. Creepy... "Hi. Do you know where I am?"

"Your dead."

"Yes I gathered that."

"Oh you're in neither heaven or hell. You're just in the little old place for restless spirits."

"That is?" I ask again.

"Well it is the under world, but you can go to two of those places

that you have always heard of. Or another place if you're neither a goody goody or a naughty naughty." She giggled looking over a scroll that had my name at the top. Harry J. Potter.

"Have I been a horrible person so far?" I ask. By this point I'm piss pants petrified, but then again I'm sure anyone would be. If you say you're not you're lying.

"You've been a normal eleven year old... Well as normal as someone who isn't supposed to be here can be... Now if that cousin Dudley was here. He'd get the boot right down the road."

"Where am I going?"

"To an orphanage... To await the next care takers of your undead life."

"I'm going to an orphanage... Are my parents coming?!"

"Define parents."

"You know the ones who gave birth to me?!"

"Oh goodness now. James and his wife are in a much better place."

"Well can't I go there?!"

"Much too neutral of a life to say."

"So I've got to wait until you're ready to give me some parents."

"Well if we let children run ragged all over the underworld it wouldn't be the amazing place it is. Full of music and laughter. Unlike you-

"Did you say Dudley lived?"

"I did."

"What about-"

"Everyone lived Harry.. Except of course the boy who lived."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"Ah yes. Well you're dead so I suppose you should know." She handed me this long piece of paper and sat beside me.

"Ready?"

"For?"

"This is your life." She held out her hands as if there was a hilarious game show behind her. I guess I wasn't laughing, because you know, I'm dead. "Don't worry death humor will come to you."

"Wonderful to know."

"Sarcasm is a second language here. So glad to hear you're fluent."
She smiled.

I rolled my eyes, but a foolishly goofy smile crossed my face. I looked down "I'm trying to read."

"Well read Harry no one is stopping you."

Apparently I would fit in fine, between sarcasm and dark humor this place was made for me. Strange to say I had to die to start my life. I started reading.

_Harry James Potter born July thirty first of the year nineteen eighty to James and Lilly Potter who died on the day of The Pumpkin Kings arrival on Nineteen eighty one. Harry was a mere age of fifteen months when the man known as Thomas Riddle AKA Voldemort murdered his parents to keep him away from the prophecy. _

_On the morn of November First Nineteen eighty one. A powerful wizard known as Dumbledore, Professor McGongal, and the Beast keeper Hagrid left him at the door steps of the Aunt and Uncle Vernon and Petunia Dursley Who had a son named Dudley Dursely. _

_On an escape from the letters of his eleventh July thirty first a car crash caused by ignorance led to the ultimate demise of the Boy who lived. Though he has stopped a part of Voldemort's plan.. The boy is not yet finished. Death is the only beginning. _

I wanted to cry.. I died on my birthday. Isn't that like a one in a million thing that happens. Like twenty famous people had had that happen and now in some weird world It happened to me. I look up at the blue lady who is now holding me close to her bosom like she felt awful for me. I wrapped my arms around her. What else could I do? I'm dead. Bad things happen to good people and apparently whatever I've endured isn't finished yet.

2. Chapter 2

"Are you sure you wouldn't like some tea?" Emily asked me setting a tray of tea down.

"I'm fine Miss Emily thank you." I didn't want tea then, but she always made me a pot of black lavender. It had become my favorite in a matter of moments. Now I was hooked. She knew it and so did I. To that I had to smile.

She brushed a piece of my hair back and looked at me. She wore a smile on her soft blue face, and though it was half decomposed it was much more comforting than most things in what the underworldlings called the upperworld. "You know you're a rather handsome young man."

"Thank you... I think."

"Your parents are going to love you."

"But... It's been a week I've heard from no one." I looked at my calendar. I counted the days by waking and sleeping. I'd done it seven times, so it had been a week. I'd like to think that it was a

week of bliss, but I couldn't help but go to my body, wondering if they even buried me. I hoped they weren't that evil. That all the things they had done to me.. Once I was in the ground it would be over. I held Emily's hand when I got this way. This undeniable churning in my stomach. Emily had been my whole world in one week. The same way my mortal Aunt, who was most likely dancing on my grave, was supposed to be.

I can count on the left of my hands how many times my aunt had done what Emily had. And that was sad.

Once my aunt was nice to me, it was just she and I watching some really silly show on television. The "men" of the house were away and left me to tend to her. So I did. Half way through she placed a gentle kiss on my head and told me she loved me. Did she even cry when she knew I was dead?

"You know where your body is?" She asked me ripping me away from the thoughts I had festered in for half of the day.

"No." I threw down the stick I was fiddling with and leaned my head back. "It's quite unnerving."

She held me tighter and kissed my head. "You are right beside your parents with a picture of you three.. The last one you three took together, it says Here lies Harry finally in the arms of his parents."

"Really?" I asked my tone was somewhat excited. I know I was. To think I would be beside my parents.. Even if they didn't know it.

"Would you like to see?"

"Can you?"

"Of course Harry." She smiled and held my hand.

I was convinced that no other kids died. Or they all had destinations, because she was so kind to me like I was the only kid in the universe. She looked at me with love and she showered me with many years of missing affection. She made me feel something I hadn't when I was alive. Safe. I curled into her like an infant. Like a child who had nothing but needed everything. "Couldn't you adopt me?"

"I already have." Would be her response any time I asked her. I didn't know what that meant.

"I'm being serious."

"So am I. When I died.. My body spread into a million butterflies. Each child in this place has a piece of me, and that will never change, but I am spread thin. And I don't think you would like to spend the nights with 3000 screaming children."

"I suppose you're right."

"You know you can come to me any time after your parents come."

"You say they are coming but there is no one coming."

"Time my darling Harry.. Time."

"W.. I've given so much."

"Yes Eleven years.." She stopped at the well. She looked at me and seen the tears. She took one of her soft blue fingers and wiped it away throwing it into the well of tears. "Look."

A man in a sliver cloak and a woman stood at my grave placing flowers. "What do we do now?"

"We find him."

"Aldus he's dead. "

"I've got friends in high, low, and somewhat odd places... He could be closer than you think."

"No ... You are just trying to console me... He who shall not be named will come back... Then what."

"For now we let him rest with his family... He's had it hard enough already."

I watched them leave. I looked at Emily who's face was puzzled. Did she know then? Did she trust them? Should I? For once I had security, I had a family in Emily who allowed me to stay under her for as much as I liked and I did. She walked with me in silence until she froze and squinted. "Sally?"

Another blue woman looked in our direction, only she was sown together. Her hair was red and her eyes were bright. She even had a smile. She looked so odd, but she looked so perfect. She waved before coming to us. "Hello Emmy."

"Hi... What are you doing here?"

"I have come to pick up our son."

"You've made a choice?"

"Yes, you know I love to read... So I read about all of them, and Jack and I have decided on one."

"Who?" Emily asked gripping my hand tighter. I wasn't sure if she wanted me to go or it was just my imagination, but she did hold it awful hard.

She looked at me and put her warm hand on my face. "We've decided on Harry."

3. Meet the parents

"You picked Harry?"

"You picked me?"

"Well of course!" She knelt down to me. She smelled like the Halloween bags of candy Dudley would make me sort so he could say he did it. It made my mouth water. I was dead, so no hunger, but it was something. She smelled like a place I wanted to be. "Harry your story isn't finished... I want to know how it ends. I want to know how the world treats you." She sighed and looked at Emily. "Your Aunt Emily knows how I feel about things like this. SO I've chosen you to live in Halloween town with me and your new dad."

This was happening too fast for me, and by the looks of Emily's face her too. I was curious to know what was happening. "So where is this.. Halloween town?"

"Just beyond the bridge love. Not too far away where you can't come back and visit. You've got witches you can learn from. There are children there you can play with them of course! It will be just wonderful! You will have a good time."

I looked up to Emily for her answer. She was the one person I knew I could count on. I knew she wanted it to happen I knew she wanted to find some peace. She wanted to make it happen. "What do you think?"

"I think Harry that this would be the very best... She's right they have so much more than I can offer you." She said. "Don't you remember. what I said?"

"You and I are just one in the million."

"That is right." She said "And now you've got a family to think about."

I turned to see Sally with a smile. and then looked back at Emily. "What if they don't like me?"

She knelt to me. Looking me in my eyes her eyes weren't cold like the dead, they were beautiful and bright. Like embers of a dying fire. Her face was soft and kind. I'm one hundred percent sure she was meant to be in my life. "My darling Harry... You are brave, you're smart, and from what I seen you're mighty witty. When you go to Halloween town you will feel right at home. I promise." She smiled

"You think so?"

"I know so."

I turned to Sally, who would soon be either mother or mama Sal, and took the hand she held out for me. "I'll see you again won't I."

"Of course Harry. I'm always going to be here. Just for you." She put a finger to my chest. I felt warmth. Then I broke free and I hugged her. I hugged her tight like a child leaving for summer camp who didn't want to go. Like I should've been able to hug my aunt and uncle. Now I hugged a corpse and I was much happier than I was before.

"Are you ready Harry?"

"I.. I think so."

"Good!" She took his hand and hugged Emily. "Thank you."

"You take care of my Harry." '

"With all my heart." Sally smiled. "C'mon love your home awaits."

"You mean it?" I asked. "You mean I'm going to be someones son?"

"Yes love not servant or anything else vicious." She said.

"Go on Harry." She smiled "Your home is waiting." Emily kissed my head once more and then waved me and my new mother far away.

I looked at Sally. I had so much I wanted to ask. Like why she was sown together? I looked up at her and then around. The forest changing from the dark blues and other bright vivid colors to ones that looked almost normal. She looked down at me. "I'm sally.."

"You've said that."

"I'm also a frankenmonster."

"What?"

"You know like all the movies about creating life. My maker did it." She smiled and held out her hand. "I can untie if you'd like."

"No I'm fine." I said and then looked at the trees. One with a turkey, one with a heart, a tree, a clover, an egg, and pumpkin. I assume that the one I'd spend the rest of my life with would be the one with the pumpkin. Just then the Christmas tree door opened. A tall skin thin man walked out in a black tuxedo with a bat bow tie stood in front of us.

He looked like one of the decorations they would openly display at 365 Hollows Eve. It made me laugh inside. Like someone was going to come out and yell "GOT YOU!" But they didn't. He just stood there, and I stared. The more I kept looking the more powerful he became. He stood like he had nothing to lose and everything to gain. It made him so much bigger than his skeleton form. He was mystical. Like a nightmare that became a dream, oh god that sounds romantic, he's my dad. And I just made it super weird. I shook my head and then looked at him again. He still looked powerful, all knowing, and all the awesome stuff I thought before. Just a lot less romantic.

"I am so sorry I am late my love... Someone needed help with the children on the naughty list... SO is this the newest member to the skellington clan?"

"Yes my love. This is him."

"Pleasure to meet ya new son number one. I am Jack Skellington the pumpkin king." He held out a bony hand of which I shook.

I looked at him and then at her. The Skellingtons. Jack and Sally. They fit so well together and I didn't. Sally droned on about

everything but we were going to do. All I was curious about was how i'd fit in. What if they didn't like me? What if I was back at Emily's before dinner. I stopped as they kept walking. I couldn't go into this tree curious as to who I was. I needed to know. I was sure one hundred other kids would have been psyched to have parents. But not me. I was made too much of a skeptic in my eleven years.

So while they spoke about my new life, my new home, and my new room that would face the beautiful full moon and the windy woods. I froze staring at that door, and having the urge to run back to the one woman I knew loved me. I was scared. Beyond scared really. I thought I was dead. Fear didn't trouble the dead, but it sure as hell petrified the child in me. This was all so big. So I froze, and that's when I noticed that the chatter in front of me stopped. Sally looked at me she looked at me like a normal mother would look at her child if he had just froze in the middle of the Forest.

"What's wrong love?" She asked

I looked at her and she had a concerned expression on her face. Jack looked confused, but I only had one question. "What's my name?"

"What?"

"He doesn't know his name?" Jack asked concern.

"Of course."

"But do you?" I asked "Do either of you know what I'm to be called when I go into this door."

"Oh! You mean your surname!" Sally chuckled gripping her chest.

"I am Jack skellington. The pumpkin king." He said and knelt to me "So that makes you Harry Potter Skellington." Jack smiled. "Our Pumpkin Prince."

4. Halloween town

We arrived in the town with cheers. Like we were the royal family. The family everyone looked up to. And then I realized we were just that. People cheered and threw crumpled Autumn leaves at us. Everyone here looked like the things people talked about on Halloween. The mayor was a short man with robotic face that turned from a sad worried face to one of somber joy. I, personally, thought that was kind of neat. He stood there and looked at me. "Jack." He said in a weird watery tone. "Who is this."

Jack took me under his arm and gave me a squeeze. "This is my son Harry. Harry this is the Mayor of our lovely town."

"Yes." He looked at Jack. "You and I must plan. there are only seventy eight days left until Halloween!"

"Yes and I have a child to consider now. So I am sure that there will be a time to plan tomorrow when there are seventy seven. You've got to relax you don't want another clunker attack."

"No I don't want that."

"Good.. So how about we start this again yes?"

Sally nodded.

"This is my son Harry. Harry this is the Mayor of your new home. Say hello."

I said hello, but I was still shocked by the way Jack spoke. It was this light playful tone, but a soft undertone of shut up or I'll finish you.

"Hello Lad a pleasure to have you here!" He said his tone changing as he shook my hand He shook it like he was afraid of my new found hero. Like if he didn't like me Jack would end his life. Which would be an oxymoron. I looked at them I looked at how Jack ruled.

"Harry."

"Yes sir?"

"I'd like you to explore." He said "This is after all your home."

"Yes! What a wonderful idea Jack."

"Thank you."

"You're very welcome." She smiled "You men talk business I'll see you all at home." She took my hand and lead me out. "Now the school for the peculiarly odd children is right down the street. You will meet lots of people there! Besides we should get you in school don't you think?"

"Why should I go to school? I'm dead."

"Because Harry. Being dead doesn't mean you've got to stop learning."

I nodded. Maybe she was right. She knew best. Like a mother should I suppose. I walked up to the school and then looked at the children. They were peculiarly odd.

"Hi I'm Lock."

"I'm Shock." The girl said. She looked at me like I was made of candy. I knew I wasn't.

"I'm Barrel."

"I'm Harry."

"Pleasure to meet you Harry."

"Thanks." I said and looked around there were other children, but these seemed like they'd been their the longest from their out dated out fits, and the old but still fragrant way they looked at me. "So I'm going to be going to school here."

"Oh for?"

I looked up at Sally. There were different subjects among the dead; lessons I'm sure that I would never learn when I was alive.

"Harry will be taking Withcery, potionology, and wand working."

"Oh those are fun!"

"No they aren't they're all the same classes that odd girl takes."

"Odd girl?"

"She's blue."

"She's Pretty."

"She's Hideous!" Shock snapped. "And you all are blind." She stomped off.

Shock was so odd it was almost off putting. I also didn't like the way she looked at me. I liked girls. I always thought some were pretty. I thought Emily was particularly beautiful. I loved the way she smiled. Even if she was kinda dead. She was still beautiful. Shock was bossy, mean, ugly, and had a horrendous attitude. I suppose that would also settle for mean or bossy, but I didn't quite understand it. Though through her angry rant I was curious as to who this blue girl was. I wanted to know, but I had to know my family first.

"So Harry are you okay with all those?"

I nodded. "Sure, but why?"

"You never know who could come to find you."

"Who would come and find me? Those people in my obituary? No one cares for me."

"Oh that is Nonsense! I do. Emily does, Your father does."

"Yes, but he's not my father."

"Well he is now. I guess you could try to make the best of it." Sallys hopeful eyes bored into me like sunlight to the vampires who carried weird I would later call Aunt Moritita and Uncle Vladimir.

"Yes." I inhaled as if I had oxygen to breath. "I guess I could."

Sally walked me further into the academy for weird kids and she sat me on a bench.

"What?"

"I want you to tell me why you've got such a resentment of me and Jack. Have we done something?"

Oh no. I was scared. I was petrified what if this was the moment they sent me back. What if I said that I'm afraid to be sent away or used like some pitiful servant boy and they did one of those. The sad thing about it was I would've rather been the slave than sent away. I'd rather have been the most loved slave than the loniest free bird. Sallys warm hands rubbed the back of my sweater. It was odd to feel so comfortable with a woman, a mother, like I could be something.

In my life I've always depended on me. Why should I let someone in now? Because I'm dead?! Not bloody likely. I'm not going to be some boy who died just so I could get my unbeating heart broken. I took all this in like some orphan Annie would. I looked out to the sky. The hazed orange was comforting. Everything here was comforting. I thought Halloween was supposed to be a creepy scary day that no child was supposed to want, or have to live in. Not to me. It all seemed so...Right. Like I belonged. And that was scarier than being a servant boy, or alone.

"Harry?"

"I'm scared okay."

"Why?"

"When I was a kid my aunt and uncle used to fight and beat me, laugh and beat me, around guest I wasn't to be acknowledged. Just supposed to be some kick boy... I don't want to live that life again.. What if you don't like me? What if you don't want me after a while? What if Emily leaves me? What if Jack can't take having a son."

"You ask a lot of what ifs Harry."

"It's the practical, safer way to live."

"Oh you poor poor thing. You died without even living." She took me in her arms and stroked my hair, and she did something no one ever did to me. She sang

What if I love you? What if we need you? What if you're happy?

What if you love it here and nothing seems so well... Crappy?

What if you find what you were looking for was down here all along?

What if you found it by the end of the song?"

By this time we were dancing, actual dancing. She was waltzing with me. Like I was her child. Not like some weird kid she just picked out of the deceased children bin. I was smiling. I could feel it on my face. An actual smile. It felt wonderful to smile. Like something I had never had before. Music flowed from nowhere. And I listened.

What if you and Jack bond?

Like pumpkin king and pumpkin son?

_What if your days are filled with love and laughter? _

_With no chores to do after. _

What if your tummy hurts from all the candy?

_And I rub it until it's fine and dandy? _

What if I love you like my son, and you love me like your mother

Although it's true you were born from another.

No need to ask what if Harry. All these will be whens."

For once in my entire life dead and undead I believed in something. I was dead and this woman this frankenmonster was meant to be my mother. Also she could very quickly turn my life into Disney fairy tale whenever she damned well pleased. Which made it even better for me. I loved movies like that. I'd sneak out and watch the sword and the stone when everyone in the Dursley house was asleep. I loved adventure would I have them here? I was smiling now, but I still wanted to know if I could have them. I didn't want my life to be over. I didn't want it to be over at all.

_"Harry my Harry your life on earth was short, but it's not over.

_

You've still got to find the end of a rainbow to find! And the search for a four leaf clover.

_There are no what if's when it comes to us. _

Harry we love you

Harry we care

_Harry for you.. We'll always be there." _

She ended the song with a hug. Like a hug you get when you don't get first prize at something or you skin your knee. She hugged me like she was worried. She hugged me like she knew I had found my home. And had I? Had I truly found my home in this funny little place called Halloween town?

5. The blue girl

_**L**_ife in Halloween Town was normal. Something I'm sure no one of normal thoughts would say, but yes it was normal. I did scientific experiments with Jack all the time, and we conversed over what to discuss when it came to making Halloween greater than it was last year. He was strangely weirded out by the fact that his night was no longer monsters under the bed, that people embraced his day like something they should've known to love. He seemed almost offended.

"Will it ever be scary?!"

"Da.. Jack I don't think you should worry about that, I think you should make it a party."

"It is. When children scream for-"

"Candy, teenagers for parties, and adults for a night to not be themselves."

"You make it sound like such..."

"Yeah."

"Such an odd day."

"It is!" I exclaimed "It's crazy! It's fun! It's even a bit sexy. But It's still got it's haunted elements. And those are the dark woods, forest, and the strange creatures that you've got here."

"So son.. What do you think I should do?"

I froze when he called me son. It'd been a week with them. A week of school, homework, and speak of a blue girl that I had never seen. Apparently her father was the ghoul of ghouls and her mother... Well no one would say much. So when he called me son it took my mind off of everything. "Son?"

"Well that's what you are aren't you?"

"Ye.. Yeah I just never heard you say it."

He smiled his toothy smile and I smiled back because I didn't know what else to do. I just smiled. "Harry I didn't think I had to say it to tell you that's what you were."

Funny, I thought. He didn't have to. He'd made me feel it this whole time. Though I could read he'd read to me every night before bed. We'd stay in our lab for hours. I call it our lab, because he set up another tab table just for me. He and I would walk Zero and he would tell me all about this place before me, and I'd tell him all about the world above on the 364 days he wasn't up there. He was so curious, and I was too. "You don't."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"You always make the attempt to call me father, dad, or whatever you kids call your parent's these days... But you stop why?"

"Because I.."

"You?"

I didn't know what to say. And saying I didn't want to say it until you said it first kinda made me feel childish. "I thought all of this was rubbish! I thought it would all go away without a second glance and I didn't want it to. I didn't want to just call you dad, and Sally Mum, and then you both just turn on me like a pack of mad dogs."

"Well that won't happen."

"I know that now."

"You do?"

I nodded. I did. Maybe I'm just thick. Maybe I'm just brainless when it comes to family. Hell, would I be wrong? I mean it burns when someone hurts you the first time. It shouldn't hurt now. Not with these people. I mean my father doesn't even have skin... so there's no way he could have a heart, but he's far from heartless. I liked him. I loved Sally. I loved being in a family that was odd. Who didn't mind it when my head ached. (Apparently the dead can still get those) as a matter of fact they help with them.

"Harry you know I think you're the best son I could have asked for."

"You do?"

"You just as curious as I am, you're witty like I am, and why with your shinning personality you'll rule Halloween one day with such a pride I will weep with joy."

I laughed. He couldn't cry. Could he? "Thanks dad."

"There it is." He said and hugged me. "I love you Harry. I know it may be too soon for you, but I do. I prayed every night to someone up there to help me find a son who I knew could love the strange and unusal just as much as I and you do! I do believe this is cause for a celebration."

"Celebration."

"Yes like a party or a gathering of friends have you made any?"

"No."

"Why not?! Shock seems to like you quite well."

"But I don't like her."

"Too bossy?" He sighed "I told her to ease up.. It would never work for her if she kept acting that way."

"You told her that?"

"I did.."

"So you know the children here?"

"Some."

"What about the blue girl?"

"The blue girl... There are ten blue girls and seven blue women in this very town.. Have you not sen your mother?"

I chuckled. Sally was pale blue like a winter flower. I didn't think

of her blue when I thought of the blue girl. "No dad not like Mum."

"Then who?"

"The ghouls daughter?"

"That hoodlum had a child."

"You don't like him?"

"Not too much. It was rough when we first accepted him here. He tried to go against me."

"Of course that didn't end well."

"Of course not, but I'm sure his daughter is fine."

"You think."

"Harry you have all the time in the universe for this."

"For what."

"Your curiosity for girls."

If I had blood in my system I would have flushed. I would have blushed so dark it would have been the color of my mothers hair. "I-I am not interested!"

"Okay... If you must know though I think you shall wait. Your mother and I have only been married about six months."

"And you wanted to adop an eleven year old boy?"

"Well its the only logical step and neither one of us can afford to have a baby baby. Why not you?"

I smiled. It didn't seem like much of a compliment, but to me it was everything. "I guess you're right."

"Yes now into bed. You've got school tomorrow."

"Right." I smiled "Good night dad."

"Good night son."

The next morning I got up for school. I bathed, and even put on new clothes that Sally had sown for me. She was a hell of a seamstress. I slid on the black shirt with small pumpkins and then a pair of black pants. I walked down stairs and looked at them. "Well?"

"Well I think black is your color."

"Just like your old man." Jack smiled "Have a good day."

"I'll try."

"Good luck on your broom riding test today."

"Thanks mum." I walked outside and Lock was waiting for me. Along with a wereboy named Joseph.

"Hey Harry!"

"Hey guys." I said and waved one last time to Jack and Sally who, like always stood and waved me off to school. It felt fantastic and gave me a sense of hope. I looked back, "What's new?"

"Since yesterday?"

"Nothing." Lock shrugged. "Shock keeps going on about you and her and your family."

"F-family."

"Oh yes Harry she wishes to be your life mate."

"Oh god."

"Yes. At this point she's going to kill the girl."

"Well there's no need for that either!" I coughed though I had no words left. I'm sure I made it one hundred percent clear that I didn't like her. Perhaps that was in my mind. I shrugged

"Hiya Harry." Shock said skipping up to us. I almost turned as green as her skin.

"Hello shock."

"Can we talk?" She drew out the talk in this undoubtedly sweet way which was rude, because she should probably consider Barrel. He likes her and I think she's just related to Lock. I don't know. Now I was thinking in babbles. That can't be good can it?

"Sure."

"Great." She looked at her brother and my other friend. "Beat it."

"See ya inside Harry."

" 'Kay." I watched them leave me out here with her.

"Hi..."

"Hi."

"Listen Harry-"

"Before you start." I said "I'm not interested in having a girlfriend. I'm not interested in you. You're not kind. You're not nice. I wish you were. I'm sorry you're not. I want to be your friend."

She sighed as if a weight had been lifted "Yeah Harry me too I'll try not to be so mean."

"Great I'll try not to think you're crazy."

She laughed and with a quick "See you in class" She was gone.

For the next few hours I waited to see her. I wanted to meet her. I watched her beautiful blue hair soar through the flames licking the air. She did this to me so many times, but today felt different. The bell rang and it was back to class. I stood out in the field with madam witch Marm. She was the gym teacher basically. She blew the whistle. "Skellington!"

I walked up completely scared. Flying a broom was dangerous, and if I crashed I'd be an embarrassment. That was the last thing I wanted.

"Broom up."

I did as she told me.

"Feet planted."

My feet weren't planted they were anchored. So was my stomach.

"Shoulders back."

Shoulders back. I took a deep breath and prayed I didn't die again.

"Say the words."

The words were almost the same to condition my dog. "Bolt." That's the name I called him. "Up."

Bolt started to hoover and my witch of a teacher looked at me. "Good fly through those obstacles and then back again."

"You heard her buddy." I said. "Go!"

Like a rush of speeding we went through the four hoops upside down through flaming box, which is no longer a flaming box, and through the finish line and then back to her. When I flew it felt like I was meant to be there, in the air with my broom. I was proud to be there. I soared until I landed back at her feet.

"Nice Job Skellingotn. Someone in your before life must've flown a broom." She said and then walked to the next student as my friends cheered, and she looked at me. I smiled and shared high fives and talks of me kicking butt. Maybe I did. I watched them disperse for the next one to come in.

"Hi Harry."

I turned around and she stood there. Her skin blue and her hair white with blue flame. "H-hi."

"You're pretty brave going first."

"I tried."

"You did good!" She held out a blue hand "I'm Blythe. Blythe Spyrt Juice.."

"Lovely to meet you Blythe Spyrit Juice."

She smiled "I know who you are."

"Who am I?"

"You're Harry Potter. The boy who lived, and will live again."

Just like that the blue girl went from someone I admired to becoming part of my worst fear.

End
file.